AN ARTIST'S GLIMPSE OF NORTHERN ARIZONA.

By F. S. Dellenbaugh.

While in Paris, a few years ago, I received a pressing invitation to join a friend in an expedition to the northern part of Arizona, and decided to accompany him, both to see the country and also to study the natives as material for pictures. I had an impression, from a previous trip to this region, that there was in it much that would be pictorially interesting. My trunk was, therefore, carefully packed for a long stay, and my color-box and canvases were made ready.

After a journey of three or four weeks, I stepped from the train at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where my friend's party was encamped. The change from the boulevards to the wilderness, it is perhaps needless to say, was complete; but I enjoyed the contrast, though the sand flew before a blinding gale and the tents tugged at their ropes as if about to fly away. After some weeks in the San Francisco mountains and the Navajo country, I concluded to visit the Moki Towns, or the "Province of Tusayan," as the region was called by the early Spaniards. At first I had thought of spending my time at Zuñi, which was more accessible, but at length I concluded that the very remoteness and isolation of the Moki towns should determine me, for they were sure to preserve more originality than the Pueblos, which had known more than three centuries of contact with Spaniards and Mexicans.

I started, therefore, from Fort Defiance, the Navajo Agency, on a buckboard, with a Mormon boy as a helper, and, traversing about eighty miles of desert country occupied entirely by Navajos, I arrived late one afternoon at a comfortable establishment in a narrow cañon. Three or four springs gushing from the rocks near by made an oasis in the expanse of sterility. This was the trading-post of Mr. Thomas Keam, and the only abode of white men in this region. Mr. Keam cordially welcomed me, and here a party was made up to visit the nearest Moki towns, some thirteen miles away. Descending the cañon we soon came to its opening, where the sandstone walls break away to north and to south, and emerged upon a sparsely vegetated rolling plain, treeless and rugged. To the northward and westward it was shut in by tall cliffs about six miles distant. To the southward it was bounded by an ominous line of black, volcanic peaks known as the "Moki Buttes," but to the south-westward it extended farther to meet the blue San Francisco mountains on the distant horizon.

When we had advanced well into this plain we began to see Moki corn-fields, and, as we drew nearer to the mesa, or cliffs in the west, these corn-fields abounded on every hand. Yet I could discover nowhere a sign of the habitations of the people to whom they must belong. Presently, my attention was directed to some irregularities, just discernible on the summit of the most prominent cliff before us, and I was assured that these were the first three towns of the province, bearing respectively the names of Tewa, Cichumovi, and Wolpi. As we came nearer, we could distinguish them more and more clearly, till at last they were quite plain to our eyes. Even when we were close to the base of the cliff, they appeared almost like a continuation of the rugged, vertical rocks, though the occasional shouts of children and the barking of dogs came down to us from those barren rocks, seven hundred feet above our heads.

Arriving at a sheltered nook among huge fallen bowlders, where a peach-orchard grew out of the deep sand, we halted, and for a trifle bought from the old woman on guard all the peaches we could eat, the trees being loaded with the ripe fruit. Then for a time we reclined in the shade, taking a short rest preparatory to making the ascent.

The sand was so deep that stepping-stones had been laid across where the trail led to the vertical portion of the heights, and these led to a good though steep path, wrought diagonally upward along the beetling face of the rocks. As we climbed, the horizon widened and widened; bushes in the valley, the peach-trees, the broken rocks, dwindled to mere specks. As far as the eye could reach, a land of desolation, apparently boundless, lay stretched out under the burning sun. Leagues away, the waves of civilization are advancing toward the valley, but we heard no sound of them there. The life of another race and of another time pervades the air — we are out of the world. Another language startles the ear, and curious customs, familiar to this people for untold ages, surprise the sight.

Puffing with the exertion of climbing the steep ascent, we arrived at the summit and found Tewa,

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the first town, at our right. The entrance to the house of Tom Polakika, a prominent citizen, known to us, was near. Polakika's wife, a comely Tewa woman, cordially invites us to enter, for these people are hospitable and polite. Scarcely were we seated in an inner room lighted by high, small windows, adorned by green calico curtains, when Mr. Polakika himself, a Moki gentleman, who had traveled even as far as California, returned from a neighboring village and gave us hearty greeting, at the same time hastening to set before us two of his best watermelons.

After walking out to Wolpi, which is perched on the extreme point of the narrow cliff or promontory,— the upper surface is nowhere more than a hundred yards wide,— we returned to Tewa, and Polakika's wife escorted us over housetops and up various ladders against the walls, that answer for stairs, to show such quarters as I might occupy during my contemplated sojourn in the province. Reaching a sort of balcony before the topmost structure, she threw open a small door leading into a room half-full of corn. The ceiling, or roof, was so low that I could stand upright only between the rafters; but, as there was a fireplace in one corner and a little window, and we were told the place could be easily made clean for my use, I engaged the flat for five dollars a month, wood and water included. As the wood comes from several miles away, and the water is brought from springs at the bottom of the cliff, the charge did not seem excessive.

By the middle of October I was settled in my apartment, thanks to the assistance of Mr. Keam, who, since I knew neither the Moki nor the Navajo language, and the Mokis speak no other, kindly acted as interpreter for me. Then he departed, leaving me to my own resources. My Mormon helper had not been able to remain with me, as had been planned, and I was left on the mesa a lonely stranger among about six hundred natives. I learned, however, that there was once a white man who had lived in the next town for about five years, and who had been admitted to many of the religious orders.

It was not long before I discovered a great obstacle to picture-making: the natives were so superstitious that they regarded my work as something to be dreaded and refused to pose for me. I was obliged to content myself with making studies of houses and inanimate objects. As I had to do my own cooking, my time was fully occupied from the early morning, when my man Hoski who brought my wood and water, burst through the door like a thunderbolt, grinning at my sleepy surprise, till the evening, when a curious group gave me the benefit of their society, and watched with great interest my method of eating supper. Even from my balcony I could see over everything in front; and, ascending several steps, I was at the very top of all, with a view limited only by the distant cliffs and the broad horizon. A more magnificent place in which to live could scarcely be imagined. I used often to sit in my lofty perch and watch the sunset fade, puzzling over the mysterious figures which slipped about in the twilight. The silence was broken only by a shrill "E-e-e-e-e" (the singing of the girls grinding meal in a neighboring house), or the "Sho-o-o!" of some belated wood-carrier driving his long-eared beast of burden up the trail.

When darkness had fairly set in, as I have said, a number of Moki men usually appeared for the purpose of profiting by my supply of tobacco, and of studying my various occupations, especially my writing, an accomplishment which filled them with unconcealed admiration and envy.

One of these, a young fellow who could speak a few words of English, seemed to be intelligent and full of common sense, and it occurred to me that, if I could separate him from his companions, I might in some way prevail on him to pose for me. Having found in common use for killing game a weapon like an Australian boomerang, called in their language *putch-kohu*, or throwing-stick, I thought the hurling of this implement would make an interesting picture.

So I prevailed on "Mose," as I called him, to go with me back to Mr. Keam's trading-post; and once there, I stretched a large canvas and drew him on it, life-size. I admired the young fellow's pluck in emancipating himself from the superstition of his race and congratulated myself upon my success. But, alas! he soon came to me requesting to go back to his home in Cichumovi for a day, to attend a dance. Aware of the uselessness of trying to prevent his leaving, I consented, paid him the amount agreed upon — and that was the last I saw of him for months. To make matters worse and crush all hope of his ever posing again, a friend, who met him one day on the plain, warned him, as a joke, that I was on his track with a shot-gun. He took the jest seriously, and never ventured in the cañon while I was there.

In the illustration he is seen in the act of throwing the putch-kohu; behind him are the remains of ruined houses, of which there are many in the country. The Moki Buttes are seen at the left, and the first mesa can be distinguished in the distance. Unlike the Australian expert, the Moki has not learned to cause the weapon to return. The stick is cut out of the curve of an oak sapling, is about two inches wide, a half-inch thick in the

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A MOKI INDIAN THROWING THE PUTCH-KOHU.

middle, and twenty-four inches long. It is more conveniently carried than the bow, which is also in use. The stick is sometimes thrust through a girdle at the waist, like a sword. Every shepherd boy carries one, as he follows his flock across the plain, and is quick to shy it at any game he may encounter in his day's ramble.

They are an exceedingly interesting race, and their life and ceremonies contain much that might well be studied by artists.

FERN-SEED.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Longing for such delightful play,
Nan dropped her precious book, and mused
On that strange fern-seed fairies used
That they might pass, in the old day,
Invisibly upon their way.

She knew, of course, without a doubt,
That fern-seed made a mortal so
That he could come and he could go
Invisible to all about,
And no one ever find him out.

What pleasure she would take, for one,
That fern-seed found, Nan thought and sighed, —
Curls in a tangle, shoes untied,
The baby fretting for some fun,
Lessons unlearned, and sums undone!

What made Nan start then, who can tell,
And think what pleasure she might take,
Were there some fern-seed that could make,
By any sort of fairy spell,
Our faults invisible as well?

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